

OPERA

[Setting can be anything you want. Characters can be doing anything you want.]

Evelyn: Are you picking your nose?

Dale: No.

Evelyn: Why was your finger up it?

Dale: I was scratching something inside it.

Evelyn: You were picking your nose, Dale. That's what you like to do.

Dale: It's these Santa Ana winds. They dry out my sinus.

Evelyn: That doesn't mean you have to pick your nose.

Dale: I wasn't picking it.

Evelyn: You were scratching something inside it?

Dale: That's right."

Evelyn: You sure scratched it for a long time.

Dale: It itched for a long time.

Evelyn: Yeah.

[A long protracted silence.]

Evelyn: Picking your nose is a disgusting habit.

Dale: That's why I don't pick it.

Evelyn: You look like a moron when you do it.

Dale: I know it.

Evelyn: Then why do you do it?

Dale: I don't do it.

Evelyn: I see you doing it all the time.

Dale: You do not.

Evelyn: Do you think you're hiding it from me?

Dale: I don't have to hide anything from you because I'm not doing anything.

Evelyn: You pick your nose every time we get into the car to go anywhere.

Dale: What?

Evelyn: You like to pick your nose when we're in the car, don't you?

Dale: What are you talking about?

Evelyn: Do you do it because you're bored when we're driving?

Dale: Shut up about it, Evelyn.

Evelyn: Do you need to pick your nose?

Dale: I do not ever pick my nose.

[A long protracted silence.]

Dale: I wasn't picking my nose a minute ago, Evelyn. I was scratching something inside it. A hair was tickling me.

Evelyn: Was it?

Dale: My nose needs to be scratched sometime, Evelyn. It's just another part of my body.

Evelyn: It's your favorite part.

Dale: Whenever I need to get something out of my nose, I always use a Kleenex.

Evelyn: But you wrap the Kleenex around your finger and run it up your nose. You're supposed to blow your nose in the Kleenex.

Dale: Blowing doesn't work sometimes.

Evelyn: So you scoop it out with your fingernail.

Dale: Shut up, Evelyn.

Evelyn: That's what you're doing. You're using your fingernail like a shovel to get everything out of your nostril.

Dale: I never pick my nose like that.

Evelyn: You excavate it.

Dale: I don't pick my nose any more than you pick yours.

Evelyn: You pick it all the time. It gives you something to do.

Dale: I don't want to talk about this anymore.

Evelyn: Do you need to start picking your nose?

[There's a knock at the door. Evelyn answers it. It's Bambi.]

Bambi: Buddy and I are going to the opera tonight.

Evelyn: That's nice, Bambi.

Bambi: I'm so excited. I'm going out to buy a new dress today and then we're going to get Buddy a new suit. We're both going to look so elegant.

Evelyn: Make sure Buddy doesn't pick his nose.

Bambi: His nose?

Evelyn: Dale loves to pick his.

Dale: She doesn't know what she's talking about, Bambi. Have fun at the opera.

Evelyn: Try to sit in the shadows in case Buddy picks his nose like Dale does.

Dale: Tell us about what you saw when you get back, Bambi.

Bambi: We're going to see La Traviata.

Evelyn: Is that the one where they pick their noses?

Dale: We'll see you later, Bambi. I bet you're going to have a great time at the opera.

Evelyn: Dale wants you to leave so he can pick his nose.

Bambi: I ...

Dale: Night, Bambi.

[Dale walks Bambi to the door. Then Dale comes back to Evelyn. There's a moment of silence.]

Evelyn: You better leave your nose alone or you'll make it bleed, Dale.

Dale: It's already been bleeding because of this dry weather.

Evelyn: It's bleeding because you pick it so much.

Dale: I'm not picking my nose, Evelyn.

Evelyn: That's right. You call it scratching the inside of your nose.

[The end.]

BRIDGE

[Setting can be anything you want. Characters can be doing anything you want.]

Dale: How's your boil?

Evelyn: It still hurts.

Dale: Want me to look at it?

Evelyn: No.

Dale: I might be able to get rid of it for you.

Evelyn: It'll go away by itself.

Dale: You should squeeze it.

Evelyn: Shut up.

Dale: You have to do something to get the pus out of it or it'll be absorbed back into your body.

Evelyn: What are you talking about?

Dale: I want to squeeze that boil on your butt.

Evelyn: I want you to shut up.

[A long protracted silence.]

Dale: Maybe you should put hot water on it.

Evelyn: What?

Dale: Maybe you should soak your boil in hot water to soften it up so it'll pop by itself.

Evelyn: Would you stop talking about this boil.

Dale: You've got to do something about it, Evelyn, or it'll just get worse.

Evelyn: It'll be just fine if I leave it alone.

Dale: You're supposed to squeeze boils so everything'll come out of them.

Evelyn: If I squeeze it, it'll just get infected.

Dale: It's already infected, Evelyn. That's why it's a boil.

Evelyn: Jesus, Dale. Stop talking about this thing.

Dale: If you don't squeeze it, it'll just get bigger and bigger.

Evelyn: I'm not going to do anything to it, Dale. It'll go away when it's ready.

Dale: It's ready now, Evelyn. Let me squeeze it.

Evelyn: Shut up about squeezing it.

Dale: I'll make it stop hurting.

Evelyn: It doesn't hurt that much anymore.

Dale: It must hurt. Look how red and hard it is.

Evelyn: Just stop worrying about my boil, Dale.

Dale: Let me help you get rid of it.

Evelyn: Leave me alone.

[There's a knock at the door. Evelyn answers it.
It's Bambi.]

Bambi: Buddy and I thought you might like to play some bridge with us tonight. Buddy's setting up the table right now.

Evelyn: Bridge?

Bambi: It's a lot of fun. We just learned how to play.

Evelyn: I don't think we can play with you tonight, Bambi. It's too late.

Dale: We need to stay home to squeeze Evelyn's boil anyway, Bambi.

Bambi: What?

Evelyn: Thanks for asking us to play, Bambi. We'll see you later.

Bambi: Are you sure you don't want to play? We need four people. We've been playing by ourselves for a few weeks to make sure we know all the rules but now Buddy says it's time for us to get two more people so we can have a real game. We're making popcorn and we've got lots of soda for everyone to drink.

Evelyn: Sorry, Bambi. We don't know how to play bridge anyway.

Bambi: We could teach you.

Evelyn: Maybe you can teach us another time. Thanks for coming by.

Bambi: Then I don't know what Buddy and me are going to do tonight. Buddy was counting on playing a real game of bridge with four people and now I know he won't want to play with just me.

Evelyn: You'll think of something to do, Bambi. Don't worry.

Dale: Why don't you and Buddy come over here and watch me squeeze Evelyn's boil?

[Evelyn walks Bambi to the door. Then Evelyn comes back to Dale. There's a moment of silence.]

Dale: Let me get to work on that boil, Evelyn.

Evelyn: You're not going to touch my boil.

[The end.]

MASTURBATE

[The living room of an apartment. Dale is reading. Evelyn, dressed in a robe, is moving around the stage, perhaps dancing slowly to music.]

Evelyn: Do you masturbate?

Dale: What?

Evelyn: It's O.K. to masturbate. You shouldn't be afraid to admit it.

Dale: I'm not afraid of anything.

Evelyn: Masturbation's good for you. It helps relieve tension and keeps you from trying to screw girls.

Dale: Great.

Evelyn: It really has a medicinal effect if it's done regularly. You'd be surprised how calm it can keep you.

Dale: I really don't care about it, Evelyn.

Evelyn: Doctors even recommend masturbating for some people. They say it's the best way to relieve stress so you can sleep better.

Dale: I thought physical exercise did that.

Evelyn: Masturbation is physical exercise. It gets the heart rate going and flexes all your muscles.

Dale: I'd rather do a few other things to get physical exercise.

Evelyn: You'd rather jog or ride a bike instead of having an orgasm?

Dale: Do we have to talk about this?

Evelyn: I'd always pick having an orgasm over some other form of exercise. The other types of exercises only relieve stress, but an orgasm is something to really feel good about.

Dale: I think you've said enough, Evelyn.

Evelyn: Why don't you masturbate with me, Dale? It'd be fun.

Dale: I don't want to.

Evelyn: I could show you how. First you take it in your hand ...

Dale: Stop it.

Evelyn: I think you'd like it once you got started.

Dale: Then I'm not going to like it because I'm not going to get started. So just leave me alone.

[A long protracted silence.]

Evelyn: You think because you're a grown man you can't masturbate?

Dale: Jesus.

Evelyn: This is the time in your life when you need it the most. When you're a teenager you hardly have any stress in your life but that's when most people think it's O.K. to masturbate. But when you're older you have lots of worries about money and jobs so masturbating can really be a welcomed relief.

Dale: I'm sure it can. Now can we talk about something else?

Evelyn: You might start to enjoy it so much you'll look forward to masturbating.

Dale: Evelyn, why don't you masturbate and leave me alone about it?

Evelyn: I do, and I wish you'd let me teach you. Watch.

Dale: Jesus Christ. What are you doing?

Evelyn: Masturbating.

[There's a knock at the door. Evelyn answers it.
It's Bambi.]

Bambi: I heard so much going on over here, I had to come over.

Evelyn: Hi, Bambi.

Bambi: Why didn't you tell me you were going to do it tonight? I would've come over sooner.

Dale: What are you saying, Bambi?

Evelyn: Bambi knows all about masturbating.

Bambi: Doesn't Dale?

Evelyn: He's afraid.

Bambi: Masturbation's fun. I don't know what I'd do when Buddy was gone if I didn't masturbate.

Dale: Stop doing that, Bambi.

Evelyn: Maybe I should do it for her.

Dale: My God.

Bambi: Ummmmmm. Buddy never touched me like that.

Dale: Are you people serious?

Bambi: Let us show how to do it, Dale. It really is a lot of fun.

Dale: I've got to get out of here.

Evelyn: Don't go.

Bambi: When I'm at my apartment alone, I masturbate all the time. Usually I do it in the shower. The hot water runs down over me and I grab my breasts like Buddy does in those huge hands of his and then I rub my ass and slide my finger deep down inside it and think of Buddy pushing his thing in there. And my other hand goes down to my pussy and all that hot water's falling down over me and the tiles are so slippery and wet and my mouth gets full of water and it's ... good.

Evelyn: See what it can be like, Dale.

Dale: You two are too much. How can you touch yourself like that?

Evelyn: Let us do it to you.

Dale: Shouldn't I do it to myself?

Bambi: Ummmmmm.

[The end.]